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Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

Her words were like the bright quick fireflies,
"At fifteen even a devil's a thistle-bloom."

SPRING IN CHINA

The earth's coat is the green of young willows
Beside brown streams.
It is embroidered over with flowering trees—
Plum, peach and apricot.
Her sleeves are scented wondrously;
Her hair is unbound in the wind.
Even the moon is so enamoured
That ere dusk he climbs the stairs of heaven to behold her.

THE GHOULS

All day the long cold fingers of the rain
Have pried at the gray tiles above the graves,
Finishing the work of years in the drear fields
Where coffins lie uncovered in the light
Of sulphurous mustard blooms. Here by the bank
The greedy water has uncovered bones
Shining, blue-white, wet in the biting wind.

THE CURSE

On the cord dead hangs our sister,
She of the wondrous lily feet.
They have blasted our fragrant flower—